1/2/73

In recent years I have avoided publicity unless another purpose was served by it, like promoting a book or some income. I guess all the others have consider this nutty. But it was based pn contemporaneous observation, on the proliferation of really insane stuff that was undermining all credibility, and experience of the past. One of these was something that at the time I thought would have made an enormous difference in the vote on extending the House UnAmericans. It should have, then, now or anytime, but it didn't. I learned that there are some issues that can't be evaluated as others, as normally they could be, some of which politicians act dufferently than ordinarily they would have. Hoover and the FBI was to the end of of these, and the reason was fear.

I had been working on a bookon the UnAmericans, I guess beginning toward the end of 1939, but I'm not sure of the date. I was in some ways pretty systematic. I had earlier done work that enabled me to zero in, fast. I got three housewives who were stenos or typists who wanted some extra work and I took them, with typewriters, to the office of the Clerk of the House, then a man named Shanks, and copied every damned expense voucher filed by that UnAmerican Committee. Every payroll voucher, etc. It was quite productive. And crookedness, cheap crookedness, emerged. Other things I've never yet used, like the "hearing" on Consumers' Union was no hearing at all. It wasn't even held; it was simply typed up. And according to his trabsportation vouchers, Dies was in Texas when he was supposed to have been at this hearing. They were that careless, that indifferent.

Another wa getting the proof that the guy the Committee planted on me was in their pay at the time.

During this general period I was also working in the political-expnditues and income reports, got muchon the facist connections of the GOPs, wen over all of Father Couglinss, and gave that to Jack Spivack, leading to his Shrine of the Silver Dollar.

But in a way the most dramatic was an accident. Because of things I had done and some liberals were hollering, Dies had to make some kind of antu-fascist gesture. He could not do it against the natives, of whom he was one, also because they were his support. So, he issued a very thin report against Japanese activities in the US. A glance told me there was something wrong in it. And thatit was familiar. So, I started going over my own files and damned if I didn t find a small, westOcoast anti-fascist newsletter from which it came. Word for word, misspelling for misspelling, typo for typo. Not an single change at all.

About this time Marc was keeping after me for something hot for him to use in the annual debate on renewing the committee's authority. So, I told him of this and he went for it.

This was before xeroxing, of course. The only copying means available then were photographic and photostating, which was expensive. However, I made stats of the entire original newsletter for Marc, and at the time of the debate he took the floor and had them in s itches He'd read first from one, then from the other, and invits inspection. It was telling, but not in the vite. Of the few bitter-enders who tried to hassle him, I remember one oddball fascist, Clare Hoffman, of Michigan, a guy who would have no pockets in his suit jackets, who effected a Will Rogers haristyle, and was uninhibited. Marc pretended he was responsible and responsive for a cpuple of Hoffman's interruptions then pulled out of his head one of the better putdowns I've ever heard, with a smile.

"The Gentleman from Michigan reminds me of a tugboat on the East River near which I live. It had a four-inch whistle and a two-inch boiler. Every time the captain blew the whistle, that tugboat stopped. That is the way the Gentleman from Michinga is. Mention Dies and the Gentleman just stops."

There were others who spoke in opposition, and I probably supplied some of them. The vote never reflected the genuine feeling of the House, and many members who hated the idea, the actions and the personnel, never dared voted against them. However, even after this sensational exposure, even if the vite was to then the largest in opposition, as I now recall it was only 72 or 76 of the 435 Members.

I don't now recall if this Japanese thing was included in what the Hollywood Ten never returned. The one thing I remember with some clarity is a [illegible], of a newspaper, I think. Phon: Rafu Shimpo.

There were then men of courage in the House, on many if not all issues. But few on this one.